

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL

## OF AGRICULTURE.

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CONTENTS.

Agricultural—Live Stock or Fertilizers, Which?—Merinos for Australia—Jackson County Farmers' Club—Webster Farmers' Club—Maple Sugar—Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association—Report of the Secretary of Agriculture	1
The Horse—Kingship Jackson—Standard Breeding—Feed the Calf—Quarter or Sard Crack—Horse Gossip.....	2
The Farmer—The Possibilities of the Corn Crop—How to Get the Best Prices of Sheep for Breeding—Butter Tarts in Cream—Agricultural Items.....	3
Horticultural—State Horticultural Society—Prunable Apple Trees—The Longevity of Apples—Trees and their Fruits—Orchards—Arthropites in the Orchard—About the Codling Moth—Winter Protection of Raspberries—Strawberries Among Fruit Trees—Not Malina Grapes—Storing Fruit and Vegetables—Horticultural Items.....	3
Entomological—State Shorthorn Breeders' Association—New York Sheep-Breeders—Sewing Machines—American Swine-Breeders' Association—Flock Notes—Crop Summary—Market Report—Foreign.....	4
Poetry—Uncle Ephraim—After Harvest.....	5
Miscellaneous—Woman's Way—Old Fletcher—A Spy's Talk—A Soldier's Talk—Atmosphere—A Memorial's Elegy—At the Goal—Turfmen's Beliefs—Tradition About Bees—Beasts Turned Loose—A Lucky Bald-Head—An Exciting Adventure—Varieties—Chaff.....	6
Veterinary—Health Among Sheep—No Diagnosis—Ringworm in Horses—Curb in Cow—Curb on a Horse.....	7
Commercial.....	8



"ADIRONDACK," L. CLARK 127,  
Bred by Lyman Clark, Addison, Vt., Exported to Australia, 1890.



"PRINCESS LOUISE," J. H. EARLL 276,  
Bred by J. Horatio Earll, Skaneateles, N. Y., Exported to Australia, 1890.

Agricultural.

LIVE STOCK OR FERTILIZERS,  
WHICH?

Director Thorne, of the Ohio Experiment Station, says in a recent bulletin:

"On this farm, where by thorough drainage and tillage we have been able this year to produce an average of thirty bushels of wheat per acre without any fertilizer, no combination of commercial fertilizers has produced sufficient increase of crop to pay the cost of the fertilizer, although barnyard manure has paid more than three times the cost of its application."

This statement, which is undoubtedly true, is worthy of careful consideration. The Director does not say commercial fertilizers will not pay in the increase of the crops upon ordinary soils, or those which have been run down by continuous cropping without returning the elements of fertility of which they had been depleted. But, he says, commercial fertilizers will not pay in increased crops where the fertility of the soil has been kept up by drainage and good tillage. Thus commercial fertilizers may be regarded as an antidote to poor farming, and one which is not needed where the soil is properly tilled, any more than a healthy person will need a stimulant to help him do a fair day's work.

Then the director adds, that even on that highly cultivated farm, "barnyard manure has paid more than three times the cost of its application." Here is a point we would like our readers to consider when the question of keeping live stock on the farm is being discussed. That question is generally settled in the minds of most farmers without result upon the fertility of the farm being considered at all. If a farmer keeps a goodly amount of stock on his farm, even though he is unable to get more than enough for them to pay their net cost, the value of the manure made will pay him a fair profit in the way of increased yields from his fields.

It is safe to say, therefore, that the question of whether stock should be kept on the farm or not should not be decided without considering that sooner or later, a farm without stock must either grow smaller crops, or commercial fertilizers be purchased to stimulate its productiveness. It seems, therefore, as plain as anything can be, that live stock is as much a necessity to successful farming as good tillage, and that the better the stock the greater will be the profits realized from it.

Many of the eastern and southern States have got into a position where commercial fertilizers are a necessity with any crop from which fair returns are expected. Michigan has not reached that point yet, and we hope the time is not distant when she will. Good tillage, a rotation of crops and an abundance of farm yard manure will enable her farmers to get increased returns from their crops and yet add to the fertility of their soil while doing so.

THE FLY IN WHEAT.

GULL LAKE, Barry Co., Mich., Nov. 20, 1890.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have taken your paper for a long while, and generally swear by it. I have noticed but one complaint of the fly in wheat this fall, but on the contrary have seen the condition of wheat on the ground marked high. Now I have been a farmer thirty-five years, but never saw so many insects in wheat, or saw them doing so much damage, as they are doing this fall. I have 56 acres of wheat on the ground, sown from the 1st to the 17th of Sept.; all of it badly damaged by the fly. The first sown is the best. Eighteen acres of Clawson sowed the seventh or eighth is nearly ruined and getting worse every day. Have seen once in a while a field of wheat that looks to have outgrown the insect—in the language of farmers got the start of them but they are scarce. It may not be so in other sections of the State, but is so here, and probably is elsewhere, and if reports are correct might make a difference in the price of wheat.

G. P. PENDILL,

MERINOS FOR AUSTRALIA.

For the Michigan Farmer  
JACKSON COUNTY FARMERS' CLUB.

This Club, organized in December last, is composed of eight of the local Farmers' Clubs of Jackson County. The first semi-annual meeting was held in Jackson City on November 19th, with a fair attendance and a good degree of enthusiasm.

There was a brief general discussion on "What legislation do we farmers need?" touching chiefly on taxation and the qualification of voters. The opinion was strongly expressed that farmers do not or need not ask any special legislation except that special legislation for other classes shall cease; but perhaps this was not the sentiment of a majority. Farmers were urged to attend the primary caucuses and see that the right men are selected.

The committee on resolutions reported through W. E. Kennedy, chairman, and after discussion resolutions were adopted favoring the limiting of the privileges of foreigners; commanding the new method of voting, and urging such amendment of the law as should forbid all peddling of tickets; limiting the ownership of land; favoring a prohibitory amendment; opposing the taxing of a citizen upon what he owes; protesting against the desecration of the Sabbath by balloon ascensions, races, and the like; against the issuance of free passes to members of legislative bodies; against the giving of office as a reward for party service.

Mrs. L. B. Ray, of the Concord Club, read an essay on "Work and Its Nobility," which it was voted should be sent to THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES for publication.

In the discussion upon this Mrs. Reed suggested that some of man's occupations are degrading, but the same charge is not true of woman's.

H. A. Laird, of the Norwell Club, read a paper on "The secret of success in farming," from which we give some thoughts and extracts: Wisdom may be gained by observing the methods and learning the experience of others or by personal experience. The first is much the cheaper and safer for one who has a mortgage upon his farm. Among the mistakes that hinder success is a wife who will not aid in achieving it; the pursuit of a system not adapted to the farm; following with the crowd—buying when high, selling when low; ignorances of foods fed to stock. There is no secret of success, except the possession of native executive ability; having this and the rules that experience has demonstrated to be correct and farming will surely be a successful occupation.

First get the right kind of a wife, and then be sure that she has the right kind of a husband.

Lay out a system broad enough to take in all the crops and kinds of stock that are adapted to the farm that there may be something to sell at all times of the year. Keep blooded stock of all kinds, but be careful and not pay too much for the pedigree. Build first good fencess; second, a good barn, and last a nice house. Make your farm your bank, and store it with home-made fertilizers. Never buy anything you can raise. Be careful how you invest in tools on wheels, for the spring seat that goes with them is a delusion and a snare. Don't go to town often than once a week, or trade horses more than once a year. Turn a deaf ear to the tree agent, and set the dog on the man who asks you to sign an order. Keep out of politics, attend to your own business, and also let other people's business alone. Plan your next day's work before you go to sleep, then get up at four in the morning and put these rules in practice."

In the discussion some of the ladies took him up on building the nice house last, but Mr. Laird insisted that he was right.

W. F. Raven objected to getting up at four in the morning, saying that he would not get up till six, but when he did get up it was to work, and he thought he accomplished as much as those who were astir two hours earlier. But no one else seemed to think so.

The recitations by Miss Theo. Cary and Miss Cora Kennedy were much enjoyed, and the music from the different clubs was destroying of much praise.

For the Michigan Farmer  
WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Club was held Nov. 8th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Butler, in the township of Hamburg, Livingston Co. An interesting though not largely attended meeting was held. The programme opened with music by a male choir, followed with prayer by R. V. Mr. Lincoln. After the secretary's report and the reports of the several committees were read, Miss Alice Bell gave a recitation, "The Young Gray Head," followed by a paper "Does Poverty or Riches Best Develop Character?" by Ray McCol, which ensued:

Some wise man has said "The statue lies hidden in the marble block." The art of the sculptor alone clears away the rubbish and removes the superfluous matter. He must have a clear idea in his mind, and then draw well all the lines and then mold the countenance in exact resemblance to the person it represents. The likeness is then, the sculptor only finds it.

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The poor man can have peaceful sleep while the rich man would fear the losing of his thousands. Because the rich man can avail himself of more opportunities, you may say he can get the best. But while the rich man may be pondering over some great financial enterprise, he will miss what the poor man is gaining in his own home.

We feel safe in saying that poverty rather than riches best develops character.

The question for discussion, "What is the most economical method of storing coarse feed and feeding coarse grain to stock to get the best results?" was introduced by Amos Phelps, who said: "I have been trying for the last forty years to solve this identical problem, and to-day am at a loss to know whether I have the right solution of it."

The discussion was quite general, and was more toward the cutting and caring for the fodder and grain than the feeding of it.

Mr. Phelps believed that a good liberal supply of grain usually showed for itself in the stock to which it was fed. It was a general opinion among the members that clover hay should be cut before there were too many brown heads. Thought that it could be drawn in and stored away much greener than was once thought possible. Timothy hay could not be left too long, as it would be too woody. The general opinion was against cutting timothy hay for horses, as bad results had been experienced from its use; many of the cut stalks of the timothy would be swallowed by the horse without thorough mastication.

In cutting corn there was a little difference of opinion. A few thought it should be cut quite early so as to have the stalks fresh. More thought it should be left until the ear was thoroughly ripe regardless of the stalk; that there would be more corn to the acre and of better quality. The general impression of members who had tried it was that it did not pay to keep extra help for the sake of cutting feed for stock. The stalk was not discussed.

Wm. Ball gave his experience in raising oats on corn ground, without plowing the corn stubble; he had good results on sandy land. The ground clean as a corn field, and works the ground thoroughly in the spring, and can get the crop in early.

The December meeting will be held at the residence of Geo. Phelps, in Webster.

E. N. BALL, Secy.

MAPLE SUGAR.

Under a provision of that portion of the new tariff law relating to the production of domestic sugars, the producers of maple sugar, together with those who manufacture sugar from cane, beets and sorghum, are entitled to a bounty of one and three-fourths and two cents per pound on the sugar produced. The provision of the act goes into effect April 1st, 1891, and therefore all maple sugar made the coming season, in conformity with the legal requirements, will be given the bounty.

To obtain the bounty the producer must obtain a license from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue before April 1st, and must make not less than 500 lbs. It is allowable for small producers to co-operate, and by having the syrup carried to and manufactured at some central point, earn the bounty.

Full information, with blanks to be filled out to obtain a license, will be sent free of cost by application to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, at Washington. Applications for licenses should be sent in early, to avoid the usual and inevitable delays in all official business.

The best sugar, which tests ninety degrees by the polariscope, is entitled to the full bounty of two cents. Sugar which tests eighty degrees is entitled to 1½ cent bounty; while that testing below eighty degrees gets no aid. It is said the bulk of maple sugar offered in market will test from 84 to 88 degrees.

Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association.

The 11th annual meeting of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association will be held in the Capital Building, Lansing, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 16 and 17. Programmes will be furnished as soon as ready. Wednesday evening (17th), there will be a joint meeting of stock breeders to arrange for an exhibit of live stock at the World's Fair in 1892.

E. N. BALL, Secy.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Some Interesting Extracts Regarding Live Stock.

From the annual report of the Department of Agriculture we take the following extracts:

THE EXPORT TRADE IN ANIMALS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

Step by step as it were with the vigorous prosecution of the work of exterminating pleuro-pneumonia and controlling Texas fever, and with a more general appreciation of the benefits derived from a judicious exercise of the powers conferred on this Department, we find a gratifying improvement in the export trade in live animals. The total value of animals and fowls exported for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, was over \$33,000,000, an increase of something over \$15,000,000 as compared with the year previous. The increase in the number of cattle was from 205,780 in 1889 to 394,836 in 1890, while the number of hogs exported reached from 45,000 to 91,000, over 100 per cent. In horses there was a slight reduction of exports, far more than counterbalanced, however, by the large increase in the number of mules exported. In the number of sheep exported there was a decrease.

A very large increase is shown in the export trade in beef and hog products, while in dairy products the export trade in butter was especially gratifying, the figures for 1889 being 15,504,978, and in 1890 29,748,042.

The increase in the value of meat and dairy products exported between 1889 and 1890 was over \$34,000,000. At a time when our domestic markets are overcrowded with animals and their products, this increase in the export trade is very encouraging. The pieces realized abroad have as a rule been good, and but for the unjust restrictions placed upon both animal and meat products abroad, the increase in the amount exported would have been much greater. Experimental shipments of cattle to Germany and Belgium were made during the year with favorable results, but excessive duties and the quarantine restrictions which were immediately imposed at once destroyed this trade.

A careful review of the trade shows how urgent it is that we should secure more favorable regulations in the chief European countries in regard to our exports of animals and animal products. The first step towards the accomplishment of this object was necessarily to secure as far as possible the absolute immunity of our own cattle from disease. ERADICATION OF PLEURO PNEUMONIA.]

The regulations for the eradication of contagious pleuro-pneumonia have been vigorously enforced during the entire year, and rapid progress has been made. In New York no cases have occurred during the year ending June 30, 1890, except on Long Island. There have been no cases in Maryland since October, 1889. Pennsylvania has remained free from the disease during the entire year. In both Maryland and Pennsylvania constant inspection has been maintained and the complete eradication of the contagion thereby assured. During the two months of May and June, 1890, but 15 affected animals were purchased in the whole infected district as compared with an average of 71½ per month during the preceding ten months.

At this writing it would seem that the disease is practically banished from American soil, though the length of time which has elapsed since the last case of the disease was noted by the inspectors has been hardly sufficient to warrant a formal official declaration to that effect.

INSPECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

## The Horse.

KIMBALL JACKSON.

A subscriber at Corunna writes as follows: "Can you give me any information through the FARMER of a horse known as Kimball Jackson? Give his pedigree and everything else you think may in regard to the horse, as there is a stallion standing here claiming to be sired by him?"

"Is a Clydesdale stallion colt eligible to registration whose sire is registered, also the site of his dam?"

There have been two horses in Michigan called Kimball Jackson, one with the suffix Jr. attached to his name. The first one brought was Kimball Jackson, Jr., by Kimball Jackson, by Andrew Jackson. He was purchased in the east by the late F. A. Eldred, of Detroit, in company with another party, and kept for a time at his stock farm near Farmington, Oakland Co. This horse was foaled in 1854. His dam was Lady Moore, by Mambrino Paymaster, a thoroughbred son of Mambrino, by import Messenger. He was sold some time in the '50's to go to Illinois.

The other was a horse of unknown breeding brought into Jackson County some years ago. A considerable number of his stock is yet owned in southern Jackson and eastern Calhoun counties.

The pedigree sets us of the stallion now owned at Corunna, claiming to be by "Kimball Jackson, Jr. by Andrew Jackson, by Columbus." Is worthless. It is said to have been foaled in 1872, while Kimball Jackson, by Andrew Jackson, died in 1853, and was never west of New York State. On the dam's side the pedigree is a lumber on its face. It reads: "Kimball Jackson's dam, Blakie's Abdallah and Clay Kimballtonian, dam, a Star Hambletonian, & dam, a fine Kentucky bred Hambletonian." There is no sense in the above, and a man standing a horse on such a pedigree is liable under the State law. Neither can he collect fees due him if the owners of mares do not wish to pay.

A stallion colt bred as you represent, would not be eligible to registry in the Clydesdale Stud Book.

## STANDARD BREEDING.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Horse Breeder*, sometimes allows its prejudices to play havoc with its logic. Speaking of a certain horse it says:

"He now has four in the 2:30 list, only one of which is out of a standard-bred mare, which goes to show that if only standard-bred mares were used for brood purposes fast trotters would be a much scarcer commodity than at present."

It does not "go to show" that the trotters by the kind. A majority of the trotters by Wood's Hambletonian are out of mares of unknown pedigree, and therefore, according to our Boston friend's reasoning, there would be more trotters if the Green Mountain Mares, Miss Russells and Waterwitches had been put into the cart shafts and scurts used in the stud.—*Chicago Horseman*.

It seems to us that the *Horseman* was very unfortunate in using the names of the three brood mares it did help its argument for standard breeding. Not one of them is standard bred, and only became so through the performance of their produce. If the standard had been in existence and adhered to by their breeders, none of them would ever have appeared in this vale of tears, and the greatest trotters ever known would never have had an existence. Perhaps the *Horse Breeder* is nearer right in its contention than the *Horseman* is willing to admit. The record of the past season, when published, after the standard has been so long in existence, will show that among the very best campaigners are horses bred outside of its rules. It only serves to show that the breeding of the trotting horse is yet in its infancy, and that the adoption of any standard, no matter how liberal, would not meet all the requirements of the case. When we read of breeders deciding that the top of the ladder has been nearly reached in the breeding of the American trotter, we can hardly believe it so long as three-quarters of the registered sires have never produced a 2:30 trotter. When perfection is reached every registered sire will have some of his get in the list, and horses bred from unknown sires or dams, or those bred for other purposes, will have no chance for success in competing against them. That time has not yet come.

## Feed the Colts.

If there is one thing more than any other, that breeders, both large and small, should be impressed with, that thing is, "feed the colts." It is as old "saw" that says: "No foot no horse," and a new one might be coined to read "No colt no horse," with equal applicability. In this age, we not only claim to be "horsemen" but great friends to the equine family, and yet the number of those that are allowed to perish or become useless from neglect in the country every year would "mount the King's cavalry." We have known colts for which a service fee of from \$50 to \$300 had been paid to be "roughed" through their first winter, (as their lazy or careless owners would say, to make them "hardy") in such a manner that they would not only not grow any, but would become so "stunted," that they would either die towards spring, or would always be "little scrawny things that never bring the price of the service fee;" and it is remarkable what a faculty most men who winter their colts in this condition have for laying this "scrawniness" to the "worthlessness" of the sire. To reach a stage of perfection and usefulness at maturity, a colt should be kept growing every day from birth to maturity; and this can only be done with healthy, nutritious food and plenty of it. Many mares are poor sucklers, and when this is the case, the colt should have an additional allowance of cows' milk, and be taught to eat oats, "shorts," bran, etc., while quite young. It is remarkable how young a colt can be taught to eat and how well it will do on the food indicated. All colts should be taught to relish shelled oats, "ship stuff," "chopped feed," etc., etc., before weaning and if given this kind, or other nutritious food in summer and fed with care and regularly in winter and then some grain with grass the following summer he will be well grown before the second winter comes on him. During the first winter of a colt's life (or for that matter any winter of its life), the quantity of food given is not near so important as quality and mode of feeding. It has been noticed that some feeders can get along

with much less feed and have their stock in much finer condition than others can; and this is because the former know how to feed, and it is as important to know how to feed as it is to know what to feed. It is not so much our object in this short notice to teach how to feed and what to feed as it is to impress upon the minds of our readers the necessity of giving attention to this subject at this particular season of the year. Rational thought is the article sought for—*Western Stockman*.

## Quarter or Sand Crack.

The hoof liable to this incident is generally narrow-heeled, long from the coronet to the toe, and the sole is concave. It may occur in either inner or outer quarter; when found, the inner half of the heel is high and the commissure deep. The wall at the inner coronet crowns against the wing of the cleft bone, injuring the secreting structures that intervene; and from the front of the heel continue to encroach on the frog as they approach each other, and as the inner quarter keeps growing higher the hoof is thrown out of balance, the inner coronet pressing against its secreting structures, and the outer heel being very low and deficient in growth; a strain, and probably a kind of hinge movement of the wall at the coronet, where it is weakest, causes a crack, which may be nature's way of relieving the crowded structures. At first it may look insignificant, but if allowed to continue it grows down more irregularly, and with irregular fractured edges. It seldom happens on the hind foot. When quarter crack occurs in the outer quarter, the conditions merely reverse. Old works on this subject call it sand crack, probably because it was supposed to be caused by sand or gravel working up through. This is a mistake. There are few injuries so easily corrected as ordinary quarter crack, if treated properly and before it has been allowed to go too far and even then it is easily handled. It could never be caused by treads, unless the character of the foot predisposed to it, when a tread or other injury might hasten its occurrence, a semi-crack, the result of a tread or overreach, being an entirely different pathological condition from ordinary quarter crack.

When quarter crack presents itself, soften the hoof well with a poultice, for a night or two, then have the smith remove the shoe. As the inner heel was high, and the outer heel low, this caused the upper border of the hoof at the inner quarter to crowd against the pastern, consequently to correct this it will be necessary to lower the inner quarter. This will evidently raise the outer heel till it is equal with the inner. It will also balance the hoof, so that the upper part of the wall, at the inner quarter, will not crowd the subjacent structures, but permit of an unembarrassed circulation all around the coronet. The next step will be to clean off the sole and comb: sure a little, and fore-shorten the toe; then level the foot so that an easy bearing may be got well back on the outside heel, but on the inside heel there must be no bearing behind the crack; the smith will now carry the foot forward, and the nail the wall above the inside toe, rap the edge of the crack perfectly thin, narrowing the heel, but do not draw blood, or in any way make any additional soreness. Then rasp as thin as possible all the wall behind the crack. Apply an easy fitting shoe. Every night, or as often as necessary, apply a small poultice to the crack, stuff the foot with flaxseed poultice, and the crack will be healed.

The horse show was not a success this year, and the *Horseman* comes pretty near telling why it wasn't.

MESSRS. HUTCHISON & SAXTON, of Concord, Mich., are the fortunate owners of the trotting stallion Idol Boy 747. Idol Boy is a handsome dark bay, foaled in 1885, and was sired by Idol 44 (full brother to Victor Von Schleben). His dam, Fair Jackson, by Standard Jackson, is a son of dam, Idol, by Green's Bashaw '80; while the sixth is the Chas. Kent mare (dam of Hambletonian 10) by imp. Bellfounder. Idol Boy inherits more of the blood of the Old Hero of Chester than any other horse in the country, and has several outcrosses, namely, Henry Clay, Bashaw, Stonewall Jackson and imp. Bellfounder, which are important straws in many of our noted sires and turf performers.

We find the above in one of our State exchanges. Idol Boy has one cross to Hambletonian 10 (Old Hero of Chester) through his sire Idol 44, he being by Volunteer 55, a son of Hambletonian, and one to Hambletonian's dam, the Charles Kent Mare. In no other line does he trace to the "Old Hero of Chester." Now look at the pedigree of Robert 1136: sire, Hambletonian 10; dam, Campbell, by Messenger Durro 106; Hambletonian 10; g. dam, Miss McLeod, by Hobert Colt, son of Hambletonian 10; g. g. dam, May Fly, by Utter Horse; g. g. g. dam, Virgo, by Abdallah Chief, son of Abdallah 1, sire of Hambletonian 10; Messenger Durro 106, sire of Egbert's dam, was out of a mare by Abdallah 1, sire of Hambletonian 20. If the question of having the most blood of Hambletonian 10 is important, why there are a dozen others can show more than Idol Boy. But, all the same, the latter is a well bred stallion, and his ancestors have been producers of trotters for four generations.

## Horse Gossip.

So far this season 73 new horses have entered the 2:30 list.

GEORGE SPALDING, of Monroe, has sold to W. R. Gill, of Mayville, Ky., the pacing stallion Borderer, by Tom Hall.

W. H. CLARK & SON, of Mason, Ingham Co., have purchased from George W. Webb the promising filly First, by Clothier 6597, dam by Ben Harris.

At Bay D strict track last week Sunol, in an attempt to lower her record of 2:16 1/4, made a mile in 2:11 1/4. The quarters were made in :32 1/2, 1:04, 1:37 1/4.

WM. CHAPPEL, of this State, has sold to D. W. Howard, of Independence, Iowa, the dark mare Maud Wilkes, six years old, by Ira Wilkes, dam by Deyo's St. Lawrence.

THE Lowell Journal says George W. Parker, of that place, has shipped ten brood mares to Kentucky to be bred. Michigan breeders have a lot of chances in the lottery of breeding trotters, and some of them should draw prizes.

MR. WILKES has put 11 in the 2:30 list for this season, and yet lets all the sons of George Wilkes, giving him a total of 36. Alcantara comes next with a total of 33, and onward next with 29. It looks now as if Alcantara would yet lead the family as the sire of 2:30 performers.

How They Did It.

If any of our readers are inclined to doubt whether newspaper advertising can be made to pay we would point to the success achieved by the manufacturers of the strong 5-A Horse Blankets.

A few years ago many horse blankets manufacturers reduced the quality of their goods to such a extent that it was almost impossible for a horse owner to tell when he bought a horse blanket whether it was strong or not.

Many of our readers have doubtless, in the past, purchased such blankets and found to their great disgust that they would wear out in a few weeks.

The 5-A Horse Blankets manufacturers believed that people did not want to be fooled, and that owners of horses would buy strong horse blankets if they knew how to tell the difference between a strong blanket and a weak one. Many years ago they decided to make their horse blankets unusually strong and give them the name 5-A Horse Blankets, so that when they advertised these goods in the newspaper owners of horses would know what to ask for. They saw the 5-A trade mark on the inside of each blanket and none is genuine without this trade mark.

The 5-A trade mark is a guarantee that the horse blanket is strong and will stand rough usage. The manufacturers of 5-A Horse Blankets have found honesty to be the best policy. Their blankets are known over the entire United States as well as they are known to our own readers, for they are advertised everywhere. Newspaper advertising, and the stand they have taken to make horse blankets that will wear well, have made the manufacturers of 5-A Horse Blankets the largest makers of these goods in the world. They own their own mills, have the very latest labor saving machinery, and make their blankets from the raw stock to the finished state and at prices to suit everybody.

It stands the farmer in hand to examine his clover seed very closely. Some samples sold as "New York red clover seed" contained ten per cent of rib grass or English plantain, a very obnoxious weed.

With the remarkable facts of the trotting season is that Mambrino King, owned by C. J. Hamlin, has had four of his g. t. enter the 2:30 list. These are Prince Regent, five years old, 2:15 1/4; Mocking Bird, 2:18 1/2; Henrietta, 2:18 1/2; and Jocko, pacer, 2:18 1/2. Mambrino King is now 18 years old, was bred by Dr. Herr, of Lexington, Ky., sired by Mambrino Patchen 83, dam by Edwin Forrest 49, g. dam by Birmingham (thoroughbred). Mambrino Patchen was by Mambrino Chief 11, by Mambrino Paymaster (thoroughbred); dam, Rhodes Mare (dam of Lady Thorne, 2:18 1/2), by Gano (thoroughbred); g. dam by a son of Sir William (thoroughbred).

If the standard

had been stuck to by trotting horse breeders, Mambrino Chief, Mambrino Patchen and Mambrino King would never have materialized, and how many of their descendants would have been lost to the 2:30 list?

JOHN DIMON, of Fort Wayne, Ind., has added to his list of brood mares by the purchase of the gamey black mare Belmont Maid, by Belmont Prince, son of Belmont 64, sire of Nutwood, 2:18 1/2; Wedgewood, 2:18, and thirty trotters and three pacers in the 2:30 list; last dam by Anthony Wayne, g. sire of Red Bell, 2:17 (pacing); 2d dam by Blue Bell, & Bianchi Wayne, by Anthony Wayne, sire of Brown Dick, 2:20 1/2, and of the dame of Red Bell, 2:17. Both are supposed to be safely in foal by General Bayard, son of Bayard and Dolly Halstead, by Administrator, sire of Catchy, 2:18 1/2. Mr. Dimon has also lost by death the black mare Maggie Dimon, by Comas, a son of Green's Bashaw (sire of 2:19 1/2 to 2:20); and her dam Thomas Jefferson 2:20; 2d dam by Imp. Bonnie Scotland; 3d dam, Kate Bolton, by Lexington. She left a very fine milky mare, Maud Bayard, by Gen. Bayard, as above.

The Possibilities of the Corn Crop.

The possibilities of the yield of the corn crop are wonderful to contemplate. When we compare the average crops raised with the large yields that have occasionally been obtained, the pressing need of improved methods of dealing with this crop in order to secure returns somewhere near its capabilities, is strongly impressed upon our minds.

The average yield per acre of corn for the whole country in a good corn year like that of 1888 was only 26 bushels per acre. In Maine the average was only 19.3 bushels; in New Hampshire 22.6; in Vermont 24.3; in Massachusetts 30.1; in Ohio 32.5; in Indiana 34.5; in Illinois 35.7; in Kansas 36.7. Many good farmers often obtain fifty, sixty, seventy, or even eighty bushels of corn per acre, and find such crops more profitable than smaller yields. But such yields do not illustrate the full capabilities of this crop. J. Barnard of New Hampshire raised 100 bushels per acre. H. Norton of Ohio raised 108 bushels per acre; D. W. Dickey of Pennsylvania raised 164 bushels; Dr. Packer of South Carolina raised 200 bushels per acre; W. F. Young of Alabama raised 217 bushels per acre; D. Petit of New Jersey raised 263 bushels per acre. The prize for the best acre of corn raised in this country in 1888 was given for a yield of 255 bushels per acre.

LAURA C., a mare by Electromer, that recently came to the Michigan State Fair, is the fourth mare in the 2:30 list; last dam by the thoroughbred horse Buckden. She made a record of 2:22, which shows how the performing trotting blood in the veins of Electromer overcomes the running blood of Buckden.—*Breeder's Gazette*.

Well, a poor excuse is said to be better than none. The "performing trotting blood" is all right when a trotter is produced from a thoroughbred mare, but when the colt does not trot the "performing trotting blood" is never mentioned. Then it is "We told you that trotters could never be bred from thoroughbred mares." The "performing trotting blood" is all right when it "gets there," but when it does not the other side is to blame. The Gazette man has his gun pointed so it kills if it is a bear and misses if it is a cat. Three years ago Mambrino Patchen was not well bred, according to the Gazette, as he had more irregularity in the hoof than in the hind foot. When quarter crack occurs in the outer quarter, the conditions merely reverse.

Old works on this subject call it sand crack, probably because it was supposed to be caused by sand or gravel working up through. This is a mistake. There are few injuries so easily corrected as ordinary quarter crack, if treated properly and before it has been allowed to go too far and even then it is easily handled. It could never be caused by treads, unless the character of the foot predisposed to it, when a tread or other injury might hasten its occurrence, a semi-crack, the result of a tread or overreach, being an entirely different pathological condition from ordinary quarter crack.

With such yields as these before us what shall we say of an average yield for the whole country of only about twenty-six bushels per acre? Does it not look as though our agriculture needed improving?

With even the large yields already attained the full limit of capacity of the corn plant undoubtedly has not been reached. Dr. Sturtevant in his experiments in corn culture succeeded in demonstrating to some extent the wonderful possibilities that lie within the range of possible attainment as regard this plant, by showing that at most of the nodes or joints of the corn stalk there is developed a miniature ear; if we examine a field of corn at the time when the leaves that encircle the corn push out from the joint, we shall find on unfolding them that a tiny ear with its visible rows for corn has been formed at almost every joint. Dr. Sturtevant succeeded in starting twenty-three of these ears on one stalk, and developed seven of them to maturity, beside many nubbins. What shall we say of the capabilities of such a plant! What shall we say is the limit of its possible yield? What a field of improvement and development is now to be undertaken by experimenters! No enterprising agriculturist need sit down in despair because there are no more worlds to conquer, no more honors to attain, but let him be up and strive to bring out all there is in the possibilities of this wonderful corn plant; when he produces a plant that will produce twenty-three perfect ears on one stalk then perhaps the limit will be nearly attained.—Dr. H. Reynolds, in *Massachusetts Ploughman*.

The horse show was not a success this year, and the *Horseman* comes pretty near telling why it wasn't.

MESSRS. HUTCHISON & SAXTON, of Concord, Mich., are the fortunate owners of the trotting stallion Idol Boy 747. Idol Boy is a handsome dark bay, foaled in 1885, and was sired by Idol 44 (full brother to Victor Von Schleben). His dam, Fair Jackson, by Standard Jackson, is a son of dam, Idol, by Green's Bashaw '80; while the sixth is the Chas. Kent mare (dam of Hambletonian 10) by imp. Bellfounder. Idol Boy inherits more of the blood of the Old Hero of Chester than any other horse in the country, and has several outcrosses, namely, Henry Clay, Bashaw, Stonewall Jackson, and imp. Bellfounder, which are important straws in many of our noted sires and turf performers.

We find the above in one of our State exchanges. Idol Boy has one cross to Hambletonian 10 (Old Hero of Chester) through his sire Idol 44, he being by Volunteer 55, a son of Hambletonian, and one to Hambletonian's dam, the Charles Kent Mare. In no other line does he trace to the "Old Hero of Chester."

Now look at the pedigree of Robert 1136: sire, Hambletonian 10; dam, Campbell, by Messenger Durro 106; Hambletonian 10; g. dam, Miss McLeod, by Hobert Colt, son of Hambletonian 10; g. g. dam, May Fly, by Utter Horse; g. g. g. dam, Virgo, by Abdallah Chief, son of Abdallah 1, sire of Hambletonian 10; Messenger Durro 106, sire of Egbert's dam, was out of a mare by Abdallah 1, sire of Hambletonian 20. If the question of having the most blood of Hambletonian 10 is important, why there are a dozen others can show more than Idol Boy. But, all the same, the latter is a well bred stallion, and his ancestors have been producers of trotters for four generations.

How to Get Rid of Sorrel.

Sorrel is one of the worst of weeds, when it is not rightly managed. To get rid of it some advice to manure the land; to apply lime to kill the acid in the soil; to drain the land; and so forth, but very few seem to have any certain panacea for this persistent weed. But having vanquished Canada thistles, I was not afraid of sorrel and applied the same treatment to it as was effective with the thistles. Manure only makes it grow more luxuriantly; it loves manure, acid in the soil is not the cause of it, and as for lime, I have often seen it growing about lime-kilns and at the very foot of heaps of waste lime with the greatest freedom. It grows mostly on the driest land so that draining is no cure for it. But to turn it under deeply, put the land in corn and use cultivator and hoe to kill the young plants, and then sow the land at the last working of the corn with rye and pea-vine clover, and the sorrel will be got rid of for four or five years, when it

**Horticultural.**

## STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting to be held at Kalamazoo.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural Society will be held in Kalamazoo, in the Court House, beginning Tuesday, December 2, and closing the following Thursday. This is to be, on several accounts, one of the most important meetings in the Society's history, and the attendance is likely to be very large as its value to all participants must be great.

The opening session, Tuesday afternoon, will be devoted to the annual reports, including one by delegates sent to the meeting of horticulturists, in Chicago, to organize for the World's Fair, and President Lyon's message which, among other things, will treat of the new plan for co-operation of all such societies with the Department of Agriculture, it being a part of Mr. Lyon's duty as an appointee of the Department, to secure such relations throughout the country. In this connection, too, will come consideration of the State's and the Society's work at the coming Colombian exposition.

The topics for discussion have a wide range and embrace much of interest to every fruit-grower and gardener in the State. This evening, however, will be devoted to agriculture, under lead of Hon. Chas. W. Garfield, of Grand Rapids, entreating (1) the woodlands of southern Michigan, (2) humanizing influence of Sylvan culture, (3) reasons for continual agitation of forestry questions in our State, (4) a State forest reserve. He will probably be aided by Prof. W. J. Beal, Judge Severns and A. C. Godden.

Prof. L. R. Taft, of the Agricultural College, will tell of the experimental work of the past season, both in fruit and vegetable culture; and will be followed by two able, practical growers, upon "What experiments are needed by fruit-growers and gardeners?" Prof. Taft will also answer the question, "What is a fungus?"

Further in the line of vegetable culture will be a paper by Jonathan Wilson, describing celery culture in Kalamazoo, one by M. Wetterling, of Ionia, who has twice taken first premiums at the Detroit Exposition upon celery growing; and Prof. W. W. Tracy, superintendent of D. M. Ferry & Co.'s seed farm, will talk of "Points of merit in vegetables," illustrating his subject with specimens.

The great industry of fruit evaporating and manufacture of fruit products will be ably treated by Mr. L. B. Rice, of Port Huron, a gentleman of wide experience in the business, both in Michigan and New York.

Prof. A. J. Cook, of the Agricultural College, will furnish a paper upon currant-bushes; Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, will describe his recent trip through the Delaware peninsula viewing the ravages of peach yellows; Mr. N. A. Beecher, of Fushing, will treat of "The influence of the stock and graft."

One of the most important and valuable papers will be by Mr. Roland Morrill, of Seneca Harbor, upon the future of commercial fruit growing in Michigan. Mr. Morrill has extensive plantations of large and small fruits, melons and vegetables, and as a man of breadth of knowledge and experience, is sure to produce ideas new and of practical value.

Edwy C. Reid, Secretary, Allegan, will furnish programmes and any detailed information desired. Mr. J. N. Stearns is the local committee at Kalamazoo.

## Profitable Apple Trees.

O. F. Brand, of the Minnesota Experiment Station, says he knows of but one cheap way to carry a tree through its early stages to perfect development, or to a size large enough to produce ten bushels of apples in a year. In that climate nearly all fruit trees become "black hearted" while small.

To have a tree profitable at 30 years of age it must be kept from becoming "black hearted" while young. Here is my plan: Plant in the fall if the trees are less than six feet high. If trees are larger, cover them up in clean, moist earth, roots two feet deep, top six inches. If location has a sandy subsoil, the trees should be set six inches deeper than they grew in the nursery. Make the holes five feet across and three feet deep, and in planting fill with rich clay loam. If the subsoil is clay dig holes large enough to let the roots extend in their natural shape. Cut the ends of all roots smooth with a sharp knife, and fill the holes full of malleable, rich surface soil, stamping firmly the first six or eight inches in bottom of the hole. If the earth is dry put a pail of water on after filling one-third full, and let it soak in before finishing.

Make a box out of boards eight inches wide and the height of tree. Set it around the tree; then fill with fine earth. Bank up outside a foot high, and after the ground freezes cover the bottom with straw manure and the tree is safe for winter. Remove the straw, box and earth after the frost is out of the ground in April, and the tree will make a good growth the first season, if the ground is kept well cultivated until July 10. Do not cultivate later than that each year. A thin mulch applied then will be of benefit in preventing growth of weeds, and to retain moisture. The mulch should extend four feet each way. About the last of October put up the box and fill with earth again up to and covering the lower forks or crooks of the tree; remember this. The first winter the limbs and trunk should stand in the earth, and the second winter, also, if it does not bend the limbs up too much; but if the limbs are too large to bend easily let the box only come up so as not to rub the limbs. A tree once frozen up solid in earth, remains so until the earth thaws in the spring and the frost comes out of tree through the earth, instead of having the sun take it out several times during winter and spring. A tree protected in this way, with three inches of earth and an inch of board will not freeze hard by 35 degrees, in an extreme cold time, as a tree exposed to the weather. If protected, a large share of the starch and other substances stored up the body of the tree (mainly by the leaves in summer) will remain there until spring and aid in making a vigorous growth the next summer. If not protected, then the starch and other reserve food substances will have been largely ex-

hausted from the trunk of the tree by spring; the cellular structure of the wood disorganized by the cold, freezing and thawing, and becomes "black hearted." This plan of taking care of trees must be kept up five or six winters. The trees will then be as large as they would in eight years without protection, a gain of two or three years in five.

The tree will also be in a much better condition to stand extremes of heat and cold, drought and winds, than a sickly "black hearted" tree. Its roots will have run 12 feet in all directions, making the tree able to take care of itself; and if not abused afterward by bearing too much fruit the first four or five years, will live to be 40 years old if it is a tree with a constitution like the Peerless and Duchess.

## The Longevity of Apple Trees.

"Why are apple trees shorter lived than they were when I was a boy?" asked an Old New England farmer. "I know of orchards that were set before I was born and which are still in good condition, but my trees, set 40 years ago, begin to show signs of giving out." The causes of this difference in the longevity of fruit trees are obviously three, viz.: The nature of the varieties planted, the kind of culture given and the increased severity of winter.

Nearly all the old orchards are composed of seedling trees. Seedlings are harder than most of the improved varieties. Westward, and especially on the prairies, any particular variety is commonly shorter lived than it is in New England. It is probable that the varieties which have originated and have long grown eastward are not adapted to the west. High cultivation with consequent heavy crops is a forcing process, and no doubt tends to lessen the longevity of trees.

Trees which bear light crops of small apples approach the wild state and are not worn out so soon as highly cultivated trees. High cultivation judiciously applied may be discouraged, however, for a short life with an abundance of fruit is preferable to a long life with less and inferior fruit. As a country becomes denuded of forest the winter climate becomes more rigorous. As a consequence many new varieties which were formerly regarded as hardy, are now destroyed. The remedies chiefly in growing wind-breaks. Prairie climates are especially destructive and any natural protection should be eagerly sought.

## Cultivating Fruit Orchards.

There continues to be considerable difference of opinion as to whether fruit orchards should be cultivated or not. I think that young apple or pear orchards can be cultivated with safety for three or four years, after setting out, and planted with the least exhausting vegetables, especially lettuce, beets, cabbage, cucumbers, tomatoes, cantaloupes, squash, etc., until the trees reach from two and a half to three inches in diameter, when the ground should be put in meadow-grass and remained untouched by the plow ever after, all the manure required being a good top-dressing every few years. I am firmly of the opinion that where fruit-trees arrive at a stage when they are able to take care of themselves, they do decidedly better in grass than in anything else, and this grass returns a heavier crop of hay than timothy and clover, and is also excellent for pasture for both cattle and swine. I have seen hundreds of pear and apple trees of choice varieties situated annually loaded with fruit and the trees in a healthy condition. We have still upon our premises pear trees believed to be over a hundred and fifty years old, standing in sod which has been disturbed only once in fifty years as I know, being in my possession over thirty years—that annually produce heavy crops, and three of them are still in a thrifty condition.

This is the most effectual remedy known.

the Ben Davis and a few others, were badly injured, evidently by insects bred in the non-sprayed trees, as a second crop which spread over the orchard during summer. It would have paid me, and paid well, to have sprayed these few trees by hand.

## About the Codling Moth.

In a talk about the codling moth, given before the Allegan Co. Horticultural Society, Mr. Lilly, of Grand Rapids, says:

There are many obstacles in the way of successful fruit-growing which must be understood to enable us to meet and overcome them, one of which is the codling moth, which is perhaps the worst enemy of the apple, becoming more serious each year. Its natural history and habits is perhaps the first thing to be considered. We will commence with its first appearance in the spring, which occurs about the time apple trees are ready to blossom, and in the form of a small gray moth. As soon as the blossoms fall and the apple is formed, this moth deposits one or more eggs in the calyx or blossom end of the apple, at which time the fruit grows to such size and weight as to cause it to turn downward, hanging to the stem in just the reverse of the position it occupied when first formed. It is during the time that the blossom end is up that the egg is deposited in the calyx. In about eight to ten days these eggs hatch into tiny worms, which begin to eat into the apple and soon find their way to the core. Then the apple drops from the tree, carrying the worm with it. This worm soon eats its way out of the apple and conceals itself under the bark of the tree or some other convenient hiding place, winds itself into a cocoon, from which in time it comes out a moth, the same as those that deposited the eggs. The second crop of moth is now ready to deposit more eggs, somewhere on the apples, and these eggs soon hatch into tiny worms, the same as those in the spring, which eat their way into the apple as before, and after some time eat their way out at any part of the apple. It is this second crop of worms that causes wormy apples in the fall. Some of these worms remain in the apples and only eat their way out during winter, when they wind themselves in cocoons and hatch into moths in the spring; and this is the point where we commenced with them. Any one can now see that if we can destroy the first eggs we can prevent the apples from dropping, and also prevent the second crop of worms later in the summer, and by that means save the apple from the ravages of this second crop, as they are the cause of wormy apples in the fall. As has already been stated, at the time the eggs are deposited the blossom end stands up, and any poison thrown on the apple falls into these cups and there remains until the newly hatched worm eats and dies.

Not Malaga Grapes.

"The grapes that are sold in New York and other markets as Malaga grapes," said a fruit dealer, "are really not Malaga grapes at all, but are a grape that grows in the almost inaccessible mountain regions of Spain, in the district of Almeria. The true Malaga grape is so tender and delicate a fruit that it will not stand shipment well, and even when it arrives here in good condition it is so perishable that unless quick sales are made the importer will have his labor for naught. Nearly all of the Malaga grape crop is made into raisins. The white and pinkish-white grapes sold here as Malagas is a hardy fruit. The region in which they are grown is wild and primitive, and the grapes are all transported from the vineyards to Almeria on donkeys, a distance of 50 miles, there being no roads to the hills. The country between Almeria and the vineyards is infested by wild beasts and outlaws, and tourists have not yet ventured to include that part of Spain in their wandering. As the average grape crop of the district is 400,000 barrels of 40 pounds each, the cost of carrying it all that distance on donkeys may be imagined. The vineyards are all small holdings, and yield about five tons to the acre. The usual price for the grapes on the wharf at Almeria is nine cents. The packing in barrels is done at the vineyards, the fine cork dust in which the grapes are shipped from Almeria cannot come in to the wharfs but lie at anchor some distance out. The grapes are taken to the vessel in row boats of unique pattern and small capacity. The grapes do not cover quite out of sight, or you will smother the plants. If you have manure without seed weed, and the bed need it, this can be used as a light dressing, evenly distributed; then a very little hay on top. I have used oil sawdust with very satisfactory results, but in using heavy material, do not cover quite out of sight, or you will smother the plants.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Strawberries among Fruit Trees.

It would seem like a very nice thing to do set out one's strawberry beds in the spaces between young fruit trees. I thought that nothing could be better, as by so doing the same labor, ground and cultivation, to a certain degree, would be utilized, and benefit both the trees and the strawberries at the same time. I thought that I could manure the ground heavily, with the assurance that none of the value of the manure would be lost, calculating that what was not taken up by the strawberry roots, which of course are nearer the surface would be absorbed by the roots of my peach, apple and plum trees. I should have to keep up a constant cultivation among these young trees any way, and I thought that by planting rows of strawberries between the trees, the cost of cultivating the same or the trees (as you chose to look at it) would in this way be little or nothing, and that both trees and strawberries would flourish.

But it was all a mistake, and what I was early in the spring seemed a smart thing to do, proved to be a big blunder, and late in the summer I had the satisfaction of realizing for about the thousandth time, that I lacked common sense. I might have foreseen the result of such a course had my wits been working as they should, but it was only by practical experience that I could really have the fact knocked into me that I was going wrong.

Late in the season I saw all this—too late to remedy matters very much, though I did what I could. The result of the mistake was this: The constant cultivation of the strawberry late in the summer and in early fall, which was necessary for the welfare of the strawberries, thus causing a damage at both ends.

As to dwarf pear and apple trees the treatment should be quite different. As to them we cultivate the soil the same as any portion of the garden for vegetables, applying every fall a good top-dressing of stable manure. If any of our trees grow too rapidly and are disposed to become larger than we wish them, they are root-pruned—that is, the spade is sunk down as deeply as it will go from two and a half to three feet from the stem, and this should be done every spring if necessary. If the trees spread too rapidly we prone to bring them into shape and proper size, and have yet to see the first sign of injury resulting therefrom.—*Germont Telegraph.*

## Arsenites in the Orchard.

A correspondent of the *O. F. Farmer*, who has had two years' experience in spraying orchards says: I am convinced that the use of either Paris green or London purple will pay, though which is the cheaper and most effective I have not yet determined. London Purple was most generally used in this section. This year the codling moth was unusually prolific, and without these preventives sound apples would have been few indeed.

This year's experience has demonstrated facts which must not be forgotten. First, that all the trees in a neighborhood must be sprayed, for if otherwise, the one who neglects this duty endangers his neighbors by breeding more to spread amongst them. How far these moths will emigrate to thus colonize new territory is not exactly known; but that they go from one tree to another, of their own volition, and that they may be transported many rods by winds and other means, is certain—hence no one tree in an orchard, or in a contiguous one, is absolutely safe. Should one or more trees be missed, the insects have a free range there, and they will breed a prolific second crop for the sprayed trees later in the season.

Second, that one spraying is not enough. Two, if not three, are necessary to save the bulk of the crop. The first spraying, even when most thoroughly done, will skip a few insect egg depositors, and numbers of the infested fruit; spraying ten days or two weeks later may find these, though with the most pains-taking work, not more than 75 or 80 per cent will be destroyed. My orchard of about one hundred and fifty trees (most of them large and about 25 years' growth) were sprayed out, once, when the apples were about as large as peas. Several trees were not easily reached by wagon and sprayer were omitted. The earlier varieties came through with but a small per cent moth-worm infestation. Later sorts, notably

not properly take care of through the winter. Had I selected some other place for the strawberries, where they could have been cultivated all by themselves, and as late as they should have been, it would have been far better for them. And had I set out raspberries among the trees, which like them should not make a late growth, or planted the spaces between the trees with some early crops, I should have displayed more sense and not made this mistake.—*Geo. L. Dow, in the Country Gentleman.*

## (Winter Protection of Raspberries.

J. M. Smith, president of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, recommended the following method of protecting raspberries through the winter in an address before a farmers' institute:

In the fall, and before the ground freezes, they should be laid down and covered with earth. In covering, one man takes a hoe or a common four-toothed potato fork, and digs out some of the earth upon the side of the plant; then another follows and bends the plant over toward that side until it lies nearly flat upon the ground; another follows and throws a shovelful of earth upon the tips of the plants to hold them in place, after which they are covered one inch in depth. When danger from freezing is over in the spring, they are uncovered and raised up as near their natural position as convenient and the earth is again replaced where it was taken from in the fall. Then put on a dressing of manure or ashes and cultivate well and thoroughly. All weeds and grass that grow in the rows must, of course, be destroyed with the hoe. You will not get as full a crop the second season, as you will of strawberries, but you will get some nice fruit. As soon as you are done picking the fruit, go through and cut out all the old canes, also the weak ones of the new growth, leaving only a sufficient number to have a good crop of fruit the following season. After this is done go through with a pair of large shears and cut off the tops, leaving the canes about four feet high.

The red varieties propagate by suckers,

which must of course be destroyed.

Red raspberries are easily propagated by

cuttings, which must be inserted in the ground.

Black raspberries are easily propagated by

cuttings, which must be inserted in the ground.

White raspberries are easily propagated by

cuttings, which must be inserted in the ground.

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## Poetry.

## UNCLE EPHRAIM.

My Uncle Ephraim was a man who did not live in vain.  
And yet, why he succeeded so I never could explain;  
By nature he was not endowed with wit to a degree,  
But folks allowed there nowhere lived a better man than he;  
He started poor, but soon got rich; he went to Congress then,  
And held that post of honor long against much braver men.  
He never made a famous speech nor did a thing of note,  
And yet the praise of Uncle Eph wailed up from every throat.

I recollect I never heard him say a bitter word, he never ca'ed to ride and f' o' unpleasant things he heard;

He always doffed his hat and spoke to every one he knew,

Hopped to poor and rich alike a general 'ow-dy';

He kissed the bairns, praised their looks, and said: "That child will grow

To be a Daniel Webster or our president, I know!"

His voice was so mellifluous, his smile so full of mirth,

That folks declared he was the best and smartest man on earth.

Now, father was a smarter man, and yet he never won

Such wealth and fame as Uncle Eph, "the deestrik's favorite son";

He had "convictions," and he was not loath to speak his mind—

He went by his way and said his say as he might be inclined;

Yes, he was trashy; yet his life was hardly a success—

He was too honest and too smart for this valn' world, I guess;

At any rate, I wondered he was unsuccessful when

My Uncle Eph, a duller man, was so revered of men.

When Uncle Eph was dying he called me to his bed,

And in a tone of confidence intimated he said:

"Dear Willum, ere I seek repose in yonder blissful sphere,

I fain would breath a secret in your adolescent ear;

Strive not to hew your way through life—it really doesn't pay;

Be sure the salve of flattery soaps all you do and say;

Herein the only royal road to fame and fortune lies;

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—Eugene Field.

## AFTER HARVEST.

The days of harvest are past again;  
We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves,  
And gathered the apples green and gold,  
'Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves.  
With a flower promise the springtime came,  
With the building birds and blossoms sweet:  
But, oh! the joy of the corn and what!  
What was the bloom to the apples gold?  
And what the flavor to the honeycomb?

What was the song that spelt the plow  
To the joyful song of harvest home?

"Indeed we do!" Ned replied. "I wish

I could see the inside of our dining-room at home about now. There's father and mother, and grandfather, and all the young ones around the table, and two big roast turkeys just aching to be carved, and potatoes, and onions, and celery, and cranberry sauce, and cider, and three kinds of pie waiting on a side table, with nuts and apples and oranges. And like as not grand-dad is standing up at this very moment thanking the Lord for all the mercies of the year, and asking him to be particularly merciful to all the hungry and needy to-day, and—"

Ned was a good soldier, but he was scarcely beyond boyhood, so between the sentiment of the day and the sense of the remoteness of the home festivities, he found a couple of unsoldierly tears streaking his face. He quickly turned his head away, and the woman said:

"That must be real nice. Well, I ain't got enough family to make much fuss for just the children and me. My husband's off in the war."

Then she started, as if she had made a mistake, but Ned quickly replied:

"Men will fight for their own side, ma'am, when a war breaks out. Whenever your husband is, I wish him well-to-day."

"You don't make no great shakes of Thanksgiving in the army, I suppose," said the reassured woman. "Don't have no big dinners?"

"No bigger than this," said Ned, with a smile, as he extracted another biscuit from his haversack and held it up to view. "I can't say there's any fancy cooking about it, but it's food, and that's all a soldier can expect."

The woman looked curiously at the biscuit; Ned rode up to the fence and handed it to her, saying:

"Won't you take one, just for a curiosity? Be careful when you bite into it, for men have broken their teeth on such things. It isn't bad, though, when it's fresh, as it was when I started."

The woman looked the biscuit over, again stared long at Ned, and finally turned toward the house, saying:

"Well, good-bye. I hope you'll get back safe to your folks. I wish all the fighting was over."

"So say we all of us," Ned responded. Then he continued, as the woman returned to the house: "I ought to have given her another. Like enough, with no man in the house, she has a hard time to get those children enough to eat. The one I did give her, though, takes another course out of my dinner. Guess I'll save the extra cracker for an hour or two, so that I won't be ravenous at supper-time."

Again at her doorstep, the woman stopped and looked in Ned's direction so long that the young man said to himself:

"If I hadn't been unshaved for a week, and if I weren't spattered from head to foot with mud, I'd have to think that woman had taken a notion to me. She isn't that kind, though."

Further interest in the subject was prevented by the woman going into the house. Ned had still the greater part of four hours to wait before the relief-guard should come, so he went back to his thoughts of home. Like many men in the ranks of both armies, he was intelligent enough to attribute the war to the blunders of politicians, and he was vindictive enough to offer a prayer that all fire-eaters and abolitionists might have bad dinners that day. Then he hummed a tune or two, and went through all the other time-killing devices that were possible to a lone man on horseback. He tried to guess the time by mentally measuring the altitude of the lightest spot of the western sky; he compared the rail fence with others he had seen in the South; he endeavored to determine the species of trees far to his right; and he might have gone through much more

pressed disgust as he looked at the biscuit and sniffed at it before he fixed his teeth in it. Meanwhile he kept a sharp eye on the house; should he see a sudden puff of white smoke, at that distance he could save himself by quickly "ducking."

While he was working his way slowly through the first half of the biscuit, he saw the door of the house open. Instantly his hand dropped to his carbine, but relaxed its hold as he saw an old-fashioned sun-bonnet protrude, to be slowly followed by the form that wore it.

"Mother wishes you a pleasant Thanksgiving," exclaimed Ned.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Ned. One plate contained a fried chicken, still steaming, two baked sweet potatoes, and a large hash-cake; on the other were peanuts and some frosted persimmons. The young man assumed the purpose for which the viands were sent and acted accordingly, talking, as he ate, until he and the children became as familiar as old friends. Then he searched his pockets for something to give the children, but he could find nothing more appropriate than his knife and pocket-mirror, both of which he promptly sacrificed.

"The fortunes of war afterward brought Ned a pair of shoulder-traps, which were succeeded by others, and when peace sent him home he captured a charming young woman whom he had long admired. He prospered in business, too, so when he married, he started with his wife for a long wed-journey in the South. Of course he revisited the scene of his own service—his bride insisted upon it. One day, while the two were driving together, the young woman said:

"Ned, dear, tell me truly, did you never fall in love with any of the Southern women?"

"N—no," was the reply, "not exactly. But there was one woman—"

"Is this Thanksgiving day? I didn't know it. I haven't seen no papers for a long time, and we don't have church often now."

"Why, yes; this is Thanksgiving day; at least it is among us Yankees, and—"

The woman started, and said:

"I didn't know you were a Yankee. I thought you had 'convictions,' and he was not loath to speak his mind—

He went by his way and said his say as he might be inclined;

Yes, he was trashy; yet his life was hardly a success—

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vacant-mindedness had he not been startled by footsteps in the direction of the house. Turning his horse quickly, he saw a little boy and girl, each carrying a plate, and standing near the fence. Their faces were blank, except for an expression of awe, but they held up the plates and succeeded in saying in unison:

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when he was extra bad, and having the toothache all day—"

Fletcher seized the lamp. "Show me his room."

Frau Seldi led the way along the dim hall to the stair-landing, and up to the fourth story of the great building. There, together with the janitor's apartments, were a number of small rooms. It was the door of one of these which the woman flung open to Fletcher.

He entered with an anxious heart. The little room, with its dormer-window commanding the city roof, might have been cozy enough when warm and tidy, but now cold, ill kept, with this figure upon the narrow bed—Heavens! could this be the broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked young fellow who had so admiration in their chance meetings? He turned up the red-flannelled vampire who hovered over the foot-board, and kept up a groaning accompaniment of "Oh Lord! Lord!" to the unconscious man's moans.

"Woman, build a fire. Clean up this wretched place. Send your Hans instantly for Dr. Balzer. Tell him there is not a moment to lose." With his finger upon the low pulse he seated himself by the bedside. Such cases he had often met with before in this very city of Leipzig, of students made ill through too hard work and to a close economy, but never of one brought so low for the lack, probably, of simple human attention.

A stranger was there to-night, Fletcher presently noticed. He could always single out the strangers, and was given to speculating whether they would reappear, a part of the colony life, or whether they were but passing travelers. This one somewhat attracted his eyes long, as she sat with her cloak unfastened and fallen away from her graceful womanly shoulders. Here, at last, was no affection, no assumption. Evidently the person did not hold her either. For she sat thinking; low her face was turned. The full profile—What had happened? . . . Where was he, Fletch? . . .

The face of his old love, . . . Like and yet unlike she used to look. As he looked mighty, glorified in his dreams. Was this, too, a dream? Could it now dissolve? Would they all vanish—his love, the preacher, and the rest—in a strange phantom? Would he awake to the striking city clock? The dawn at his window? He buried his face in his hands. No; she was there still. However come, or why, she, Helen Beverley, was there, the lights failing upon her, the people touching her on either hand. The sermon was ended, the benediction was pronounced, and he stumbled out into the street.

On, on, through the Johanna Park, out beyond the Nun's Meadows, on and on. "God bless her! God bless her!" The mist was gone, the night was cold, the stars were bright in the frosty sky. Her face was always before him—her clear and beautiful face. And the words they used to sing at home went ringing through his brain:

"And thou shalt walk in clear, pure light,  
With kings and priests abroad;  
And thou shalt summer high in bliss.  
Upon the hills of God."

And oh, for the end! Oh, for the weakness and woe of earth to pass like the mist from before the stars!

He thought it was midnight when he reached his lodgings again, and, exhausted, crawled up the stair. But it was only nine o'clock. Frau Seldi, however, was still in the room. She was a strange woman, and the next morning he was to be married to her.

"Strange! What's that out yon?" replied Fletcher, quietly. "And I, Mr. Grant, do not count. Have you not found that out yet?"

"I have found out that you are the god of the colony, and among the Germans, too. They talk of you all over the city. How many weak boys you have saved from ruin, and foolish girls, cast adrift here; and that you are always working for sick folks and poor folks."

Fletcher only shook his head. "Still I do not count. I am not a genuine article. It is no secret here in Leipzig. They all recognize it, if they do not understand it. They wonder why 'Old Fletcher' hangs about here year after year. He is a settled curiosity. They challenge each other over their beer mugs to read the riddle, which they cannot do, my young friend, for the excellent reason that he doesn't know and can't tell him."

He smiled again at the other's puzzled face.

"It is another Peter Schlemihl case, only reversed; I am the shadow without the man, who lives on this earth, if I have been a man. But the fib was somehow left out when I was made. I was a weakling before I was made, and that was only in the long run to sink me deeper into perdition, she could never be my wife, she said; though she would always wait for me. Of course I laughed at that. I thought a few years would satisfy her, but they did not. They only thoroughly proved to me that she was right, that there was no manhood in me. So, chiefly because I had nothing else to do—I had already gathered all of this world's goods I should ever need—I came over here. I was out of my teens, and after that, forever falling and reforming; and because she knew that to marry me would only be in the long run to sink me deeper into perdition, she could never be my wife, she said; though she would always wait for me. Of course I laughed at that. I thought a few years would satisfy her, but they did not. They only thoroughly proved to me that she was right, that there was no manhood in me. So, chiefly because I had nothing else to do—I had already gathered all of this world's goods I should ever need—I came over here. I was out of my teens, and after that, forever falling and reforming; and because she knew that to marry me would only be in the long run to sink me deeper into perdition, she could never be my wife, she said; though she would always wait for me. Of course I laughed at that. I thought a few years would satisfy her, but they did not. They only thoroughly proved to me that she was right, that there

## AT THE GOAL.

They found him in the silent place  
By his own fancy peopled fair,  
Where gleamed on many a pictured face  
The light his own had caused to wear.

Yet in the sightless eyes the while  
There seemed some ecstasy of trance,  
And on the rigid mouth a smile  
Of more than life's significance.

They looked upon the painted scene  
Frightened by the magic of his might,  
The outlined purpose, clear and keen,  
That never now should sequence find.

Alas!—they said—his hand is still  
That shadowed forth the growing thought:  
Powerless his subtle brain and will  
That life to deeper meaning wrought!

Alas!—alas!—again they cried—  
To miss the vision almost found!

To fall upon the mountain-side  
So near the summit glory crowned!

But still the dead eyes gazed before—  
Like one who sees the happy end;

And still the face transfigured wore  
The look they could not comprehend;

For they that o'er him sorrowing bent,  
And mourned the life too early done,

Wist not the smile's pale rapture meant  
The dream fulfilled, the glory won?

—H. Putnam Osgood, in Harper's Weekly.

## TURFMEN'S BELIEFS.

## Signs That Point to Good or Bad Luck.

How the Transactions of a Gambler Are Affected by Various Omens — Race-givers' Superstitions in Regard to Lucky Horses.

"That settles it. I don't make a bet to-day."

"Why, what's the matter now?"  
"Well, the man I bought this programme of is cross-eyed, and I met his gaze. That's one of the worst signs of bad luck I know, and I guess I'll let the horses run to-day."

This conversation was overheard at the entrance of a popular race-course, says A. F. Aldrich, in the New York Star. Gamblers, and particularly turfmen, are very superstitious. Every thing they see is either an omen of good luck or bad, and by these signs they are governed in all their transactions. The dread of a race-goer's life is a cross-eyed man. If a man meets a cross-eyed man when he is going to make a bet, it sends a cold shiver all over him. He will put his money away, and very often leave the track. If a cross-eyed woman is met and her gaze is encountered, a man will have luck all day.

At one of the winter tracks a woman who is a little cross-eyed is a regular patron. She gets tips from all the prominent turfmen on the track, and is said to make lots of money. She gets these tips because the men think it lucky to meet her gaze. She is a hoodoo to the women, though, and their particular mascot at the Clifton track is the cross-eyed young man who sings out: "Get your programme! Get your programme!" at the gate. His patronage chiefly comes from the women, and the men avoid him as they would a plague.

Many turfmen have very childish superstitions. If they see the name of a horse placed in any prominent position while on their way to the races, they invariably take that as a tip that the horse will win, and will play it. The horse may win, and then the man will tell his friends how he got the tip. Should the horse lose, he will declare that the name was placed prominently before him so that he should not play it and he mistook the sign. On the way down to the Monmouth Park races those who journey by the boat to Sandy Hook are always on the lookout for pilot-boats. These boats are known by numbers, and the numbers are painted in large black figures on the mainsail. Should they be lucky enough to see a number, they will play the horse; that number points to on the programme in each race.

Around every race-track there are always to be seen a number of blind men. Some have been there for several years. Nearly all of them are beggars. A few of them peddle pencils and other small articles. Many of them are growing rich, and they are getting rich simply through the superstitions of the betters. An old race-goer thinks it is bad luck to pass a blind man without giving him a penny, and if a penny is dropped into the blind beggar's hat it will act as a mascot and bring the donor good luck for the remainder of that day.

"Did you back White Nose in the last race?" asked a race-goer of his friend in the betting ring at Sheephead Bay on the last day of the meeting.

"No," was the reply.

"Well, hurry up and get your money on Fitzjames for the next race. It's one of the best things of the season, and Barnes is riding."

"I guess I won't touch it today."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, I faced my shoe up the wrong way this morning, and then unlaced it and laced it up properly. That's a sure sign of bad luck. If I had let it be laced wrongly I would have had bad luck all day, but, like a chump, I didn't. Doing such a thing as that is such a hoodoo that if Salvator and Big Brown Jug were in a race together and I were to back Salvator, Lovell's plug would win."

Many of the big betters always carry a mascot of some kind or another with them. With some it is a cane, with others an umbrella. Some carry a piece of money, many of them having an old copper piece. Lots of them believe in some article of wearing apparel, which may vary from a sock to an old coat. The bookmakers seem to be particularly partial to coats.

A hunchback is always looked on with favor by patrons of the race course. This is where turfmen differ from theatrical men, as actors think a hunchback is a hoodoo, and have been known to refuse to play because they saw one in the audience. Turfmen think that to be able to touch the hump of a hunchback will bring them good luck all that day. They scheme in all kinds of ways to do so, and if one of these deformed men or women should happen to get into a crowd, his back is rubbed very considerably before he gets out.

Dreams have always been a favorite superstition with betting people. To dream of seeing a certain horse, or of seeing a certain horse win a race, is looked upon as a sure sign that that horse will win the next time he comes out, and these dreamers invariably tell their friends of their dreams. Some of the dreams that are supposed to be prophetic are very mysterious, and they require all the knowledge of Daniel to be able to interpret them. These dreamers, though, seem to be able to make any of their visions point in some way to a certain horse.

Here is one dream that turned out

"... well. It is an odd one, and the man did not say whether or not he had been drinking the night before it was dreamed. The dreamer fancied that he was receiving all kinds of odd presents from every one he met. The presents were of no earthly use to him, and he could not make out why they were given to him. The dreamer was a man who had to hustle for a living, and when an elephant and a box of blocks were presented to him he found them decided in the way. Slippers arrived by the cartload. Canes and umbrellas were so numerous that he could have stacked a good-sized store. Among other things were a barrel of flour, several bottles of pickles, pieces of dress goods, a wig, a set of false teeth and a coffin. When he woke up in the morning he tried to interpret the dream. After puzzling over it for some time he decided that it must have been his birthday or Christmas. He eagerly looked over the list of entries in the morning paper, and finding that Birthday was entered in a mile-and-a-furlong race, felt sure that the dream was a tip. He told all his friends the dream, and they agreed with him. They made a trip to Sheephead Bay that afternoon and played Birthday at eleven to five. Birthday won, and they celebrated the event in the evening."

Informing him of a death in the family is a custom still, we believe, practiced in many parts of England. The necessary formalities were very precise, and if they were not fully conformed with the laws would certainly take offense and leave their hives never to return. So universal was the custom a few years ago that an inquiry after a cottager's bees would occasionally elicit some such reply as this: "They have all gone away since the death of poor Dick. For we forgot to knock at the hive and tell them that he was gone dead." The answer would be given with much gravity as if the speaker were relating how her hen roost had been devastated by a fox, or her pig had died of swine fever. If neighbors were talking of the death of a friend some one in the company would most likely wonder if the bees had been informed of the sad circumstance, and would be comforted by a reply in the affirmative, and that a piece of the funeral cake had been deposited in their hives. A correspondent writing on this subject says this superstition is common among the small farmers of Devon. He once knew an apprentice boy sent back from the funeral cortege by the nurse to tell the bees of it, as it had been forgotten, and, to make up for the omission, a little wine and honey was put in front of the hives as a solace to the inmates in their painful sorrow. In some districts the country people go even further. Not only do they, on a death occurring, deck their apianaries with grape after duly informing the inmates of the cause, but they invite the bees to the funeral.

BEASTS TURNED LOOSE.

An Exciting Incident in the Career of Show-Men in Africa.

The African Diamond Fields Advertiser contains an account of the scene witnessed after all the animals in Fillis' menagerie had been allowed to escape by some person who is supposed to have had a grudge against the proprietor, and which incident may contain the germ from which grew the lurid story recently published of an entire town being besieged by ferocious animals. The previous night he had a dream. He thought he was up in Maine having a glorious time. The weather was lovely. He, with some others, were camping out in the woods. They had made an excursion to the lumber region, and they were much interested in watching the men felling the trees. While asleep he was having a glorious time, but all day long he had been wondering what that dream meant. He was sure it was a tip, but could not see what. Suddenly one of his friends grabbed his programme and made a hurried examination.

"Why, Woodcutter, of course," he exclaimed.

The three men rushed to the betting ring, and just as the horses were going to the post secured three to one against the colt. Woodcutter won, and the young man has been happy ever since.

Tips are now to be had from some new drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machines. These machines have miniature race tracks attached. Half a dozen horses are fastened to wires and go speeding round the track when a nickel is dropped in. The color of the one that wins is carefully noted. The superscript then study the programme for a similar color and play that horse. Sometimes they win and sometimes they don't. They have won often enough to make the superscript believe in the tip.

To see a piebald or calico horse, as they are sometimes called, is a very good sign. To have a strange dog follow him in the street is also considered good luck. To have good luck during the day one must get out of bed on the right side, and the right foot must touch the floor first. Then there is the old superstition about seeing the new moon over the left shoulder.

Another tip which many of the superscripts are ready to take is given when the horses are at the post ready to start. Very often the saddle girths get a little loose, and the jockey will ask permission to dismount and have them tightened.

The superscripts call this "putting on the cinch," and as soon as they see a boy dismount they hurry off to the betting ring to put on some money.

It is rather curious to note that several horses that had their saddle girths tightened when they have been at the post lately have won their races.

TRADITION ABOUT BEETS.

The Busy Insects Object to Being Kept by Quarrelsome Families.

There is probably no insect in which mankind takes more interest than the beetle, says the London Standard, and there certainly is none around which so many superstitions have clustered from time immemorial. The important part of the beetle is the grudge against the proprietor, and which incident may contain the germ from which grew the lurid story recently published of an entire town being besieged by ferocious animals.

The beetle, frightened at the noise in its endeavor to escape burst through the heavy iron gate and rushed into the street, followed by nearly the whole of the animals, who appear to have been started by something while engaged in their work of carnage in the stable. A cabman residing at Beaconsfield—Nelson—had a narrow escape. Hearing the noise he drove down from Main street to see the animals rush out. He liked the scene to the exit from Noah's Ark. An elephant came first, and a few seconds afterward tumbled out a confused mob of lions, wolves, hyenas, baboons, leopards, cheetahs and jackals. The wolves, with the instinct of their race, immediately rushed upon Nelson's horses and two of the lions attacked them too. Strange to say, they left the man unmolested, and he managed to climb up a post at Glover's athletic car and secure his safety in one of the rooms. When last he saw his horses they were galloping madly down the road snorting and screaming with fear and pain followed by the wolves and two of the lions. The remainder of the animals, Nelson says, dispersed in all directions. But few of the animals had been recaptured at the time the mail was dispatched, but one of the lions and a jackal had been shot.

A LUCKY BALD-HEAD.

How He Secured a Fine Head of Hand-some Chestnut Hair.

In the appearance of a real bald head there is nothing romantic, and yet love finds a chance at times to surround it with a halo of sentiment. A wicked barber, a fashionable but, nevertheless, woefully talkative barber, discloses one of the sweetest secrets it has ever been my lot to hear, says a writer in the Boston Herald. The secret was originally possessed by the barber and two young, trusting hearts, but now it is known by a score or more of persons, all customers of the barber, and at last it came from one of them to me. A young man of many good points, but with none on his head, was for five years a victim to the promises of the tonorial artist, who guaranteed to bring hair out on his shiny pate, but who did not keep his word. Some men confide their love affairs to their tailors, others to their doctors, and still others to the men who mix their cocktails. This young man, upon losing his heart to a sweet and promising maiden, confided his passion to his barber. That worthy sympathized with him deeply and redoubled his exertions to lure the downy fringe upon the head of Romeo, but without effect. Finally the barber and the lover lost hope together, and then it was that the young man made a trembling proposal.

"Louise does not like a bald head," said he, "although, of course, mine is not unpleasant to her. Nevertheless, she prefers to have it covered, and so we

dead wood is regarded as equally ominous. A story is told of the wife of a respectable cottager living in Sussex who died in child-birth whose husband accepted the blow quite philosophically because he said they had been warned of the event a fortnight before her confinement. The woman went into the garden and saw that their bees, in the act of swarming, had made choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. This is considered an infallible token of approaching death in the family, and in this instance it is more than probable that the prediction brought about its own fulfillment.

Romeo now appears in public adorned by a fine head of handsome chestnut hair.

## How to Doctor Trees.

Do not hunt for borers at all, but just doctor them a little. Make a mixture of about one quart of wood ashes to a gall of water and stir it well. Next make a ridge of earth around the tree a few inches from it, and high enough so when you pour your mixture into the circle it will run into the holes and kill the worms. It is sure death to them and costs less than one cent a tree. You may have to do it twice the first year, but after that a very little care will keep your trees free from them. If you have no wood ashes, use a thin white-wash of lime in its place.

If neighbors were talking of the death of a friend some one in the company would most likely wonder if the bees had been informed of the sad circumstance, and would be comforted by a reply in the affirmative, and that a piece of the funeral cake had been deposited in their hives.

Romeo now appears in public adorned by a fine head of handsome chestnut hair.

## VARIETIES.

ENGLISHMAN—I say, ye knaw, what's the bookago to Boston?

Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatago?

Englishman—The bookago, ye knaw—the tarif.

Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politices.

"You are as bad as a playful kitten to be jumping at conclusions," remarked Koedick.

"Do kittens jump at conclusions?" asked Mrs. Koedick.

"Certainly; have you never seen kittens

jumping at conclusions?"

are firing right now. Why don't you stop them?" "Oh, well, they are just having a little fun in there. The rebels have got possession of a stretch of stone wall and our boys swear they are going to take it away from them." Our informant went on and soon he and his men were as deep in the "fun" as their predecessors, notwithstanding their orders not to fire. They kept it up, dodging behind trees and working around the woods until they got a flank fire, ran in on the stone wall and captured it. They had their fun and accomplished their object.

A WRITER in the N. Y. Star tells a picture-like little incident that cannot fail to win admiration. In a company in which I found myself lately, he says, the conversation turned upon politeness, whom some one well defined as timely thoughtfulness, with human sympathy behind it." One member of the party told of the most thorough bit of true politeness he ever saw. "Some time ago," said he, "a friend of mine gave a little dinner, to which a young friend, his wife and their little child were invited. The child, only three years old, was a very precious, bairnful and terribly sensitive little one. During the dinner she upset a glass of water upon the table cloth and hastily noticed the looks in her direction. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. At that moment my friend who gave the dinner knocked over his own glass with a crash that drew every eye to see her.

Attorney (triumphantly)—Why, then, are you positive that she did kiss him?

Witness—No.

Attorney (furiously)—From what actual knowledge of your own, sir, can you state that she kissed him?

Witness—from my knowledge of the girl.

A MODERN Mrs. Malaprop has been discovered in the person of a Chicago boarding-house mistress. Like all of her class, this lady has her troubles. She has one friend who do not pay as promptly as they should, and one day in a burst of confidence to a friend she was relating the worry these folks gave her; and she concluded by the statement that "they seem to have plenty of money for everything but their board and board, and this makes me very suspicious; I really think there is something rotten in Bismarck."

THREE KINDS OF PIE.—In a little town just a few miles down the road on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, a regular old-fashioned tavern. The dining-room is most attractive, employing some half dozen sweet, rosy-cheeked country girls. How I admired one beauty I saw there—such a robust mouth and such eyes and hair! When I was ready for dessert she came for my order. "P.e. or puddin'" she queried. "Well," I asked, "what kind of pie have you?" "Oh, we have three kinds, open-face, cross-bar, and kiver-top—all made of apples."

CHEEZY John Maclean made his first appearance in London at the Surrey, somewhere about 1861, as Peter Purcell, in The Riot of the Mountain. Shepherd and Crockett were the managers of the theatre then, and Maclean was standing one day at the bar of Rooney's when a kind friend pointed out the newly engaged actor to Shepherd, who, having been ill, had not yet seen him. "You are playing in my theatre, Mr. Maclean," Shepherd bawled. "I'm playing in The Riot of the Mountain, sir," Shepherd replied half timidly. "Glad to hear it, sir; glad to hear it," Shepherd exclaimed; "you're not the idiot, surely?" "No, sir," Maclean answered, with a serious face; "the manager who engaged me is the idiot."

ONE OF THE MERCHANTS ON "CHANGE TELLS A GOOD STORY ON HIMSELF. He lives over in Belgrave and has been in the habit of getting up early on Sunday morning and going fishing, returning in time to go to church and look good. One Sunday recently a maiden aunt—a straight-backed Presbyterian—was visiting at the house and had rather an early breakfast. Our hero's wife remarked that his girth of trunk was magnificent; and this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land. Of course I strolled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unnoticed. But there I was most mistaken. No sooner was I two-thirds of the way up the tree than, with shouts of laughter, the lumbermen rushed out in the surpising cover and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for them to lose.

I concealed my annoyance, and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary I thanked them for the little attention, and climbed a few feet further up, to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so, I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a large branch, was a huge panther glaring with rage and terror. From the men below his form was quite concealed. Glancing restlessly from me to my pursuers, the brute seemed uncertain just what to do, As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up, and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood that he and I were fellow-sufferers.

I laughed softly to myself I thought how my tormentors would be taken aback when that panther should come down upon them. I decided that, considering their numbers, there would be at least no more danger for them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape.

The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself nimbly on the upper side, steady myself by a convenient branch. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall a comparatively

(Continued from first page.)

Bills. This transatlantic inspection has been in force for the last two months, and I am happy to be able to state that since it was instituted not a single case has been reported of contagious pleuro-pneumonia among American cattle landed in Great Britain. Indeed, I am now informed that not a single case has been reported by the British authorities themselves since March last.

At the same time that I presented this matter to the attention of the Secretary of State, I also placed before him facts bearing upon our meat export trade, showing conclusively the utterly groundless nature of the charges made by other European governments in regard to the unwholesomeness of our meat; but especially of our pork products. I am happy to state that this matter was taken up by the State Department with the same cordiality that characterized its action in regard to our export of live cattle, and that the facts supplied by me to that department were laid before the foreign governments by our respective ministers so clearly and with such force as will, I am sure, carry considerable weight in the further consideration of this subject by the governments in question.

## INSPECTION OF EXPORTED ANIMALS.

The act of August 30, 1890, provides for the inspection of all exported cattle, sheep and swine. The amount of work required to accomplish this is indicated by the fact that during the year ending June 30, 1890, the number of the animals exported was as follows: Cattle, 394,830 head; hogs, 91,148 head; sheep, 67,521 head. Rules and regulations for this service have been prepared, and the inspection is now being made. The necessity of this inspection is shown by the exclusion of American cattle, sheep and swine from European markets on the plea of the danger that disease will be introduced by them. While this inspection alone might not be accepted as in all cases giving a complete guarantee against the appearance of disease during the voyage, it is an important step in this direction and will give us the means of knowing officially the condition of the animals as they leave our ports. In connection with the inspection recently established by me at the foreign animal wharves of Great Britain, it will also enable us to trace back animals which may be found affected there, so that the nature of their malady may be determined, and if found contagious the proper measures will be enforced for its eradication.

## INSPECTION OF PORK PRODUCTS.

It is with great gratification that I have assumed the duties imposed upon me by the passage of the act of August 30, 1890, in which provision is made for the inspection of salted pork and bacon. The unjust war waged upon our pork products by some of the European governments rendered this provision absolutely necessary as a preliminary step towards any action looking to a removal of the obstacles which now impede our export trade in these products. The absence of inspection on the part of the representatives of foreign governments, to which we were really not prepared to reply. It was that no inspection being held by themselves, while a rigid inspection was conducted by them of American pork products landed in their countries, they were in a position to know better than we ourselves the actual condition of these products. The present law will enable us to warrant the wholesomeness of our pork products under the seal of official inspection. Having thus satisfactorily established the injustice of these foreign discriminations, we shall be in a position to demand their withdrawal, or at least to insist upon a retraction of all charges made on the ground of unwholesomeness or impurity. Armed with a certificate of inspection guaranteeing wholesomeness on the one hand, and with the retaliatory cause wisely interpolated in this law on the other, we shall, it seems to me, be in a position to provide powerful support to further diplomatic negotiations on behalf of American hog products.

## MEAT INSPECTION.

In my report of last year I urged the great desirability of a national inspection of cattle at the time of slaughter, and also an inspection of meats, which would enable this department to guarantee that the animal products exported from this country were untainted by disease, and which would reveal at once the presence of any diseases affecting our meat-producing animals. The call for such inspection was not because of any unusual prevalence of disease, since the animals of the United States are probably at present more exempt from such influences than those of any other nation, but because of the unfounded statements of disease which have been made the pretense for the restrictions and prohibitions which the governments of other countries have enforced against our animals and their products. None of these restrictions upon the sale of our meats have been removed, and it appears from the statements of shippers, confirmed in some cases by the reports of our consular agents, that there is a tendency to make them more stringent and irksome. It is sufficiently evident that any assistance which the government can properly render to such a trade, at a time when our home markets are overstuffed as at present, should be freely accorded.

A bill providing for a general inspection law of this character was passed by the Senate September 18, 1890, and has been referred to the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives. This bill provides for all the necessary regulations, and if passed will enable the Secretary of Agriculture to cause the inspection of animals and meats at slaughter, and to give a guarantee of their wholesomeness and freedom from taint of every kind. Such a law is urgently needed and should be enacted without delay.

QUARANTINE AND INSPECTION OF IMPORTED CATTLE.

I have concluded that the adoption by this Department of regulations for quarantine and inspection of all neat cattle, sheep and other ruminants, and all swine imported into the United States under the authority given to me by the act of August 30, 1890, is necessary for the full protection of our own live animals. Regulations have accordingly been perfected to carry this provision into effect, and it is believed that the result will be not only to fully protect our herds and flocks, but

in view of the assurances to that effect secured from the British authorities, that it will moreover result in the revocation by the British government of the regulation excluding our sheep from Great Britain. This inspection and quarantining of all cattle, sheep, and swine imported into the country, will add seriously to the work of this Department. During the twelve months ending June 30, 1890, cattle were imported to the number of 30,695; sheep to the number of 383,794; but the fixtures of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department fail to give the number of swine imported. Increased duties levied under the present law will no doubt greatly diminish the number of animals imported, although during the year just mentioned, 3,935 head of cattle and 16,303 head of sheep were admitted duty free, on the ground that they were imported for breeding purposes.

In this connection I would point out that the average value of the 10,865 horses imported for breeding purposes during the year was but \$270 each; that the cattle imported for this purpose averaged but \$18.60, and the sheep but \$7.26, showing conclusively that by far the greater number of these animals were not of such a character as would improve our native stock, and that they could only be sold in competition with the animals produced by our farmers. The new law provides "that no such animal shall be admitted free unless pure bred of a recognized breed, and duly registered in the book of record established for that breed." This wise provision will no doubt restrict the importation of animals free of duty to those which have special merit and which will prove beneficial to the agricultural interest.

THE SALE OF SHORHORN CATTLE, THE PROPERTY OF J. V. GRISBY, OWNER OF THE CROTHMURTH HORN, TOOK PLACE ON TUESDAY, AT DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO. Forty-eight cattle were sold in all, which brought the aggregate sum of \$4,510. The average price realized was not quite \$95 per head; sheep, 67.521 head. Rules and regulations for this service have been prepared, and the inspection is now being made. The necessity of this inspection is shown by the exclusion of American cattle, sheep and swine from European markets on the plea of the danger that disease will be introduced by them. While this inspection alone might not be accepted as in all cases giving a complete guarantee against the appearance of disease during the voyage, it is an important step in this direction and will give us the means of knowing officially the condition of the animals as they leave our ports. In connection with the inspection recently established by me at the foreign animal wharves of Great Britain, it will also enable us to trace back animals which may be found affected there, so that the nature of their malady may be determined, and if found contagious the proper measures will be enforced for its eradication.

## VETERINARY DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers. The full name and address will be necessary when addressing Prof. Jennings. No charge will be made for the insertion of any information which should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar.

PRIVATE ADDRESS, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

FATLITY AMONG SHEEP—No Diagnosis.

DETROIT, Nov. 19, 1890. Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer. I am feeding a large load of sheep. Two weeks ago I had a glist ground of new born cattle in ears at Dexter, and I fed that to them. They seemed to do well on it, and a week later I had another glist ground at Ann Arbor and began feeding that. The next morning I noticed two sick sheep which died before noon. The next day four more died, and a day later three more. I stopped feeding meal. I watched two dying; they seemed in great pain. They had the scour about two hours before they died. I did not feed them. Will you please inform me through the Michigan Farmer what to do? Shall I stop feeding meal altogether and feed whole grain, or have it ground at Dexter? Ann Arbor is roller ground and Dexter is stone ground.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—From your description we have no landmarks to justify an attempt at diagnosing the disease, or the cause of death in your sheep. If you lose any more, and will have one or more examined by a professional veterinary surgeon, and send us a copy of his diagnosis and autopsy we will try to determine the disease, and probable cause of death.

RING BONE IN HORSES.

SKEARETLY, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1890. Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a mare somewhat advanced in years that has always been sound until about two months ago, we noticed a small bunch coming on one of her front feet that we call ring bone. She is a little lame on first start, but improves as she is ridden. Can you give me any advice to prevent getting very lame? She would do good service on farm for some years if that could be stopped. Please give me your treatment for ring bone. In this vicinity firing is the common way of treating that trouble.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—Ring bone is an exostosis, or growth, around the pastern joints of the horse; it is the bony formation of the same character as a spur. Treatment by firing with pointed irons is the best. The frog seton is used with usually satisfactory results. This operation, however, requires the skill of an experienced veterinary surgeon.

CURB ON A HORSE.

VERNON, Nov. 16, 1890. Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer. I have a two year old colt that has a blemish on the back part of the hind leg where a cord would come. It has been there about six months. She has never been lame; it is an enlargement of a hard gritty nature; has never been dosed; looks as though it might have been caused by a kick or blow. Please prescribe through the Farmer if you think it can be removed and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—From your description we are inclined to diagnose the disease in your horse as curb. In recent cases the application of the iodide of lead ointment will sometimes remove the enlargement. Use in the proportion of one part of the lead, to six parts of vaseline; rub in well with the fingers over the swollen parts.

GARTEN IN COW.

NORTH BRANCH, Nov. 17, 1890. Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a two year old heifer that gives stringy and bloody milk from one or more teats part of the time. 1. What is the matter? 2. Is there a cure? 3. Is it best to dry her up?

YOUNG FARMER.

ANSWER.—To your first question: The trouble is garter, a hard knotty condition of the udder, which sometimes follows calving. Second: Yes; distention of the bag with milk causes a congealed or consolidated condition of the milk to take place; when neglected, suppuration and abscesses are the result. Third: Let the calf suck the dam as speedily as possible, and if the knotty condition of the udder is not removed, foment the udder with water as hot as the animal

can bear it; then wipe dry, and apply to the udder lard as hot as the animal will bear it. If resort to time this is all that is necessary. If abscesses form they should be lanceated.

## COMMERCIAL.

## DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, October 22, 1890.

FLOUR.—All grades are lower in sympathy with wheat. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process..... 4 45 24 75  
Michigan patents..... 4 45 24 75  
Minnesota, bakers..... 4 45 24 75  
Wheat..... 4 40 24 10  
Rye..... 3 00 24 00  
Low grades..... 3 00 24 00

WHEAT.—For the first time for three or four days wheat firm'd up and advanced yesterday in all domestic markets. If there are no further financial troubles a further advance may be looked for. Quotations at the close yesterday were as follows: No. 1 white, 91 1/4c; No. 2 white, 88 1/4c; No. 3 white, 81 1/4c; No. 2 red, 88c; No. 3 red, 88c. Closing prices on futures were as follows: No. 2 red, December, 88 1/4c; May, 81 1/4c.

SWITZER & ALEYK sold Webb Bros 120 lbs at \$2.50 per lb.

DONALD sold Bussell a mixed lot of 4 head of fair butchers stock av 850 lbs at \$2.50 per lb.

SMITH sold Wm Wreford & Co a mixed lot of 23 head of coarse butchers stock av 904 lbs at \$1.85.

DETROIT, October 22, 1890, cattle, sheep and swine.

DETROIT.—Market higher. Quoted as follows: No. 2 white, 88 1/4c; No. 3 white, 81 1/4c; No. 2 red, 88c; No. 3 red, 88c.

DETROIT.—Market lower. Quoted as follows: No. 2 white, 85 1/4c; No. 3 white, 80 1/4c; No. 2 red, 85c; No. 3 red, 85c.

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